

copy of the original

WANT YOU AWFUL

POPULAR SONG
Sung by
Mrs Annie Kemp Bowler & Geo Atkins

In the Black Crook
Written & Composed by
Joseph P. Skelly.

New York. E. H. Harding 229 Bowery.

To Miss Annie Hindle.

.. AINT YOU AWFUL! ..

SERIO COMIC SONG.

Written and Composed by Joseph P. Skelly.

Arranged by R. Steirly.

Tempo di Polka.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note D, followed by eighth notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D. The left hand plays a pattern of quarter notes D, G, F#, D, G, F#, D, G, F#, D, G, F#, D.

The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are:

1. I took my love one eve - ning When the sum - mer moon was

2. To make my feel - ings clear - er I ad - vanc'd a lit - tle

3. She talk'd on use - less mat - ters, 'Till my pa - tience was in

The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked *mf*.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics:

beaming, Thro' si - lent ar - bors gleaming, Where Cu - pid has con - trol, I

nearer, And said 'I'd like to hear her, Say yes and ease my mind, She

tat - ters, Just as a wom - an elat - ters, When si - lent she should be, I

The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

wan-ted to tell her. How dear-ly I a-dored her; But Oh! she would not
 fim-bled and mum-bled. And laughed at my at-ten-tion; She said mama would
 beggd her to lis-ten, And drew her close be-side me; But she be-gan to

lis-ten. Tho' I ten-der-ly im-plor'd her, Oh love, oh love, why don't you heed me
 seold her, If such things she dared to mention. Come love I cried we'll run a-way and
 fid-get, And her ro-guish eyes de-fied me, And soon she told me with a smile That

rit. How can you treat me so, In vain, in vain, in vain, She heed-ed not my
 leave your mama be-hind, Oh no, oh no she said, Don't ask me now to
 she did not care for me, My love was all in vain, She heed-ed not my

a tempo agitato.

rit. pain, She turn'd a-way her head, And this was all she said.
 wed, What would the peo-ple say, If we should run a-way?
 pain, She turn'd a-way her head, And this was all she said.

a tempo.

Oh! aint you aw - ful, Its wrong you know to love me so,

a tempo.

Yes you are aw - ful, Your like I ne'er did see;

Oh! aint you awful, Its wrong you know to love me so,

Dear me you're hor - rid, Why dont you let me be.